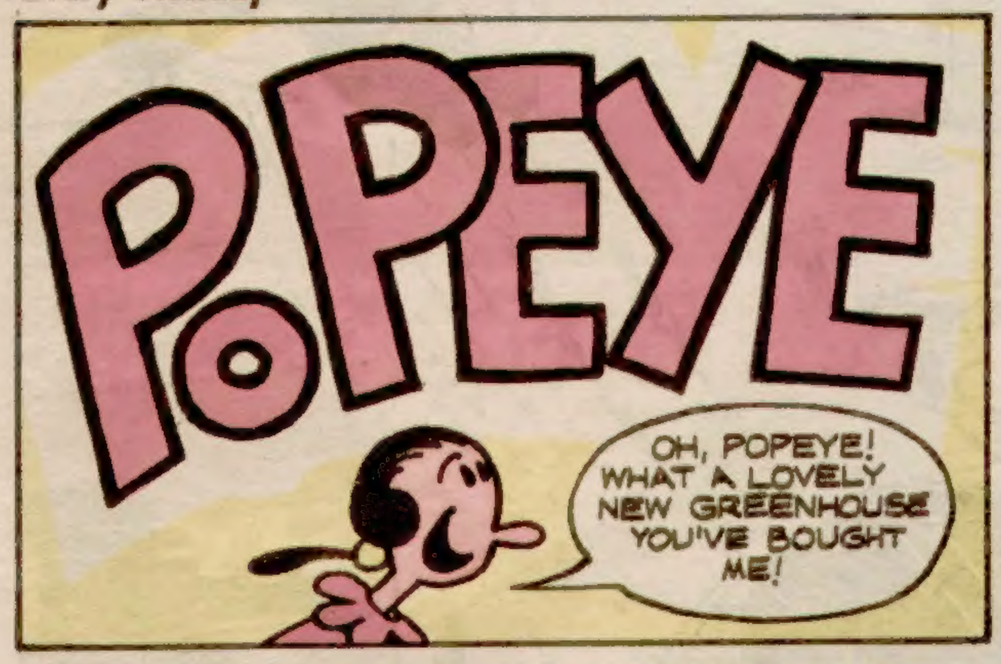
# TV COMIC

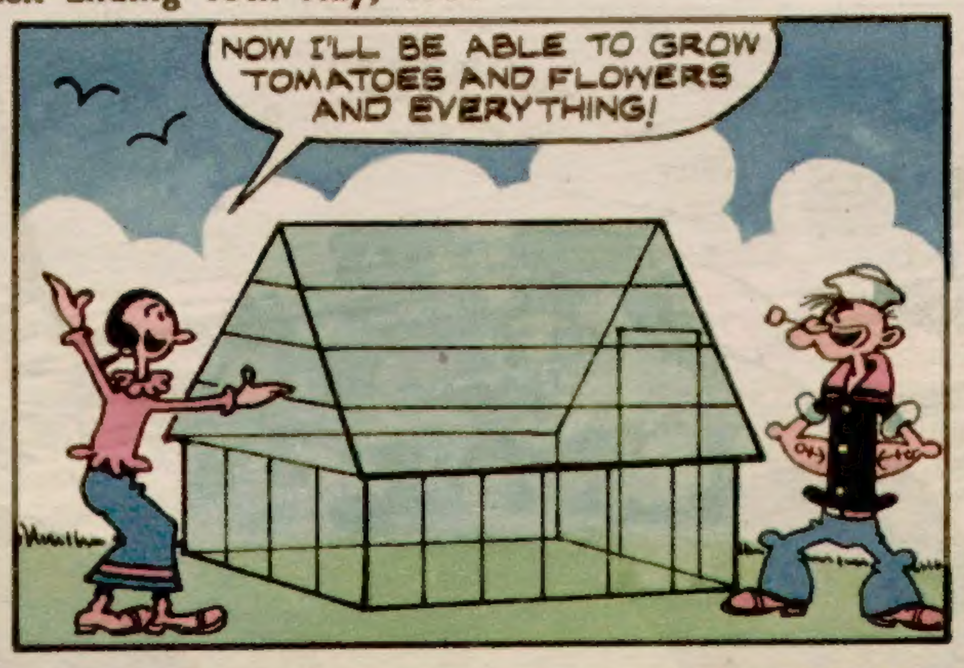
6D

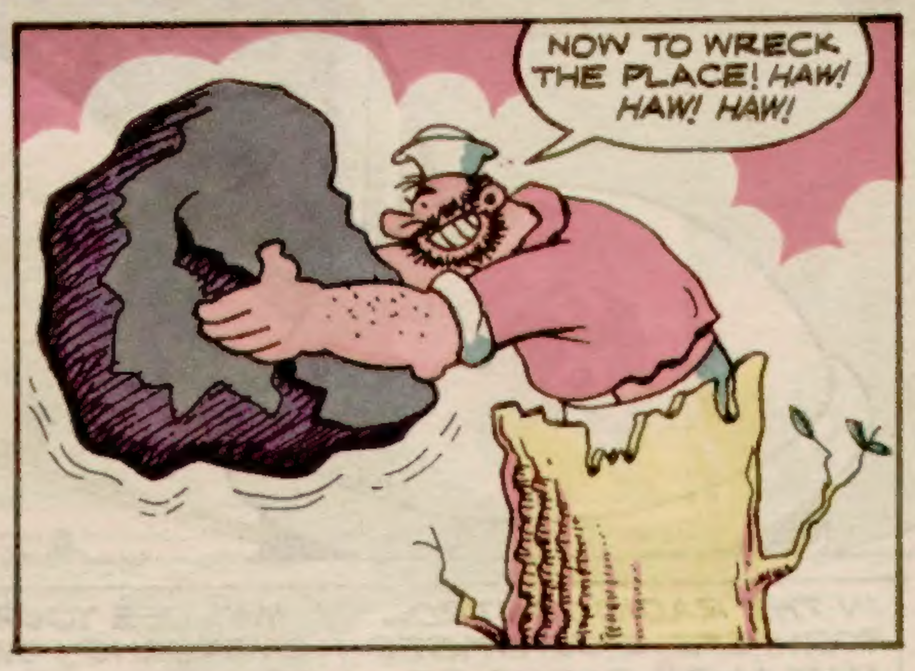
Every Monday — Week Ending 16th May, 1964 — Number 648

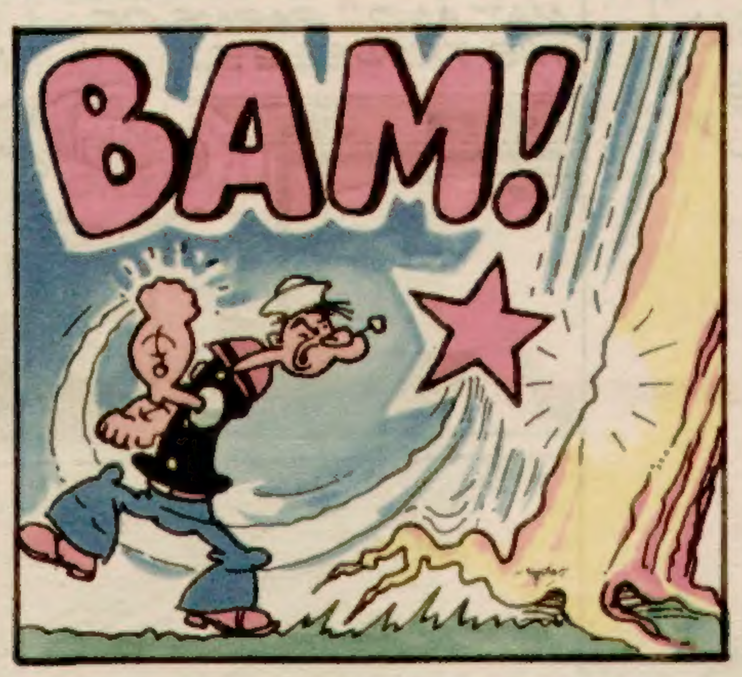
HALLO, FOLKS! YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE TELEGOONS ON PAGE 14

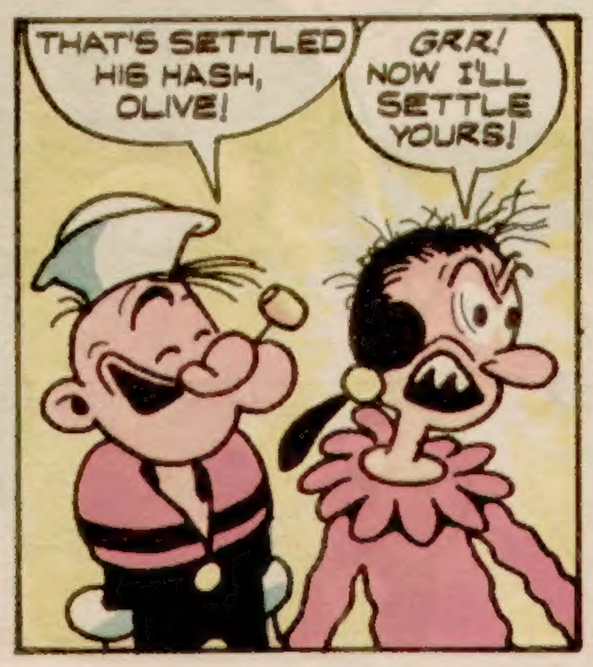
## POPEYE









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# FIREBALL XL5

THE Fireball team are enjoying a leave from space patrol. Professor Matthew Matic designs a small space racer. On its trial run the little machine zooms out of control and, with Mat aboard, plummets towards the earth.

OH DEAR, I REALLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

XL7

XL7

HELP! SOMEBODY STOP THAT CRAZY IDIOT BEFORE HE KILLS US ALL!

WOW! I THOUGHT MAT WAS SHOWING US SOME FANCY FLYING — BUT I'M NOT TOO SURE NOW. LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, VENUS!

IN THE RADIO CONTROL ROOM, STEVE CONTACTS MAT AND LEARNS OF HIS TROUBLES...

MAT, USE YOUR EMERGENCY SWITCH TO CUT OUT THE MOTORS! YOU PUT ONE IN, I HOPE?

OF COURSE I DID, MY DEAR BOY... I'LL USE IT NOW!

WHOOPS! HOW STRANGE... IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WORKING PROPERLY!

*Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5"*

STEVE! I SEEM TO BE SHOOTING OFF INTO SPACE! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

WELL, I LIKE THAT! YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS MESS!

OH, STEVE, THE FUEL'S RUN OUT, AND I THINK I'M GOING INTO ORBIT AROUND THE MOON... HOW SILLY OF ME! STILL, WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES!

YES, BUT YOU SEEM TO MAKE MORE MISTAKES THAN ANYONE ELSE... I'VE A GOOD MIND TO LEAVE YOU UP THERE FOR A BIT WHILE YOU THINK THINGS OVER!

OH, DON'T BE MEAN, STEVE! HE MEANT WELL.

HA! HA! I WAS ONLY JOKING, VENUS! I HAD PROMISED MYSELF A FISHING TRIP THIS AFTERNOON, BUT I THINK I KNOW OF A WAY OF GETTING MAT DOWN AND ALSO KEEPING MY FISHING DATE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, STEVE HAS A FEW WORDS WITH THE ENGINEERS AT THE SPACE CITY WORKSHOP..

CAN YOU MAKE THIS UP FOR ME IN A HURRY, BOYS?

SURE, STEVE. IT'LL ONLY TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR!

AN HOUR LATER...

HALLO, STEVE. HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO BE? I'M GETTING GIDDY WITH ALL THIS ORBITING!

AND IN FIREBALL XL5...

STOP MOANING, MAT, WE'RE ON OUR WAY NOW!

NEVILLE MAIN

**What is Steve's plan? Don't miss the laughs in next week's Fireball!**

# FOO FOO and GOGO by Halas & Batchelor

GRR! MY TOAST IS ALWAYS COLD AND HARD BY THE TIME YOU SERVE IT UP!

I KNOW, I'LL MAKE AN AUTOMATIC TOASTER—THAT WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM!

?

WELL, THE SITUATION CAN'T GET ANY WORSE WHATEVER YOU DO—SO GET ON WITH IT!

AND SO...

LATER...

HERE WE ARE! NOW FOR HOT TOAST—AND QUICK!

HOW DO WE KNOW WHEN IT'S DONE?

WHY, THE TOAST POPS UP OF COURSE! IT'S AUTOMATIC!

KAZONK!

HO-HO! IT'S QUICK, ALL RIGHT—YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO BUTTER IT!

GULP!

GERK!

HA-HA! LOOK AT THAT! HA-HA-HA!

SPLATTANG!

GRR! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A TOASTER!

BAM!

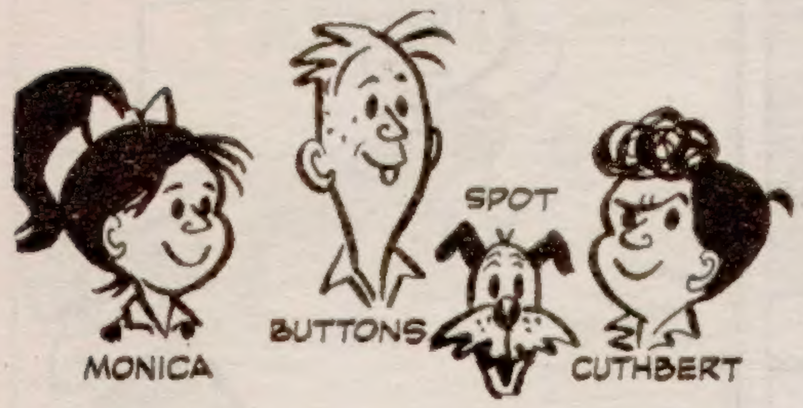
HO-HO! MY AUTOMATIC TOASTER WORKS MUCH BETTER THAN YOURS! ANOTHER SLICE PLEASE!

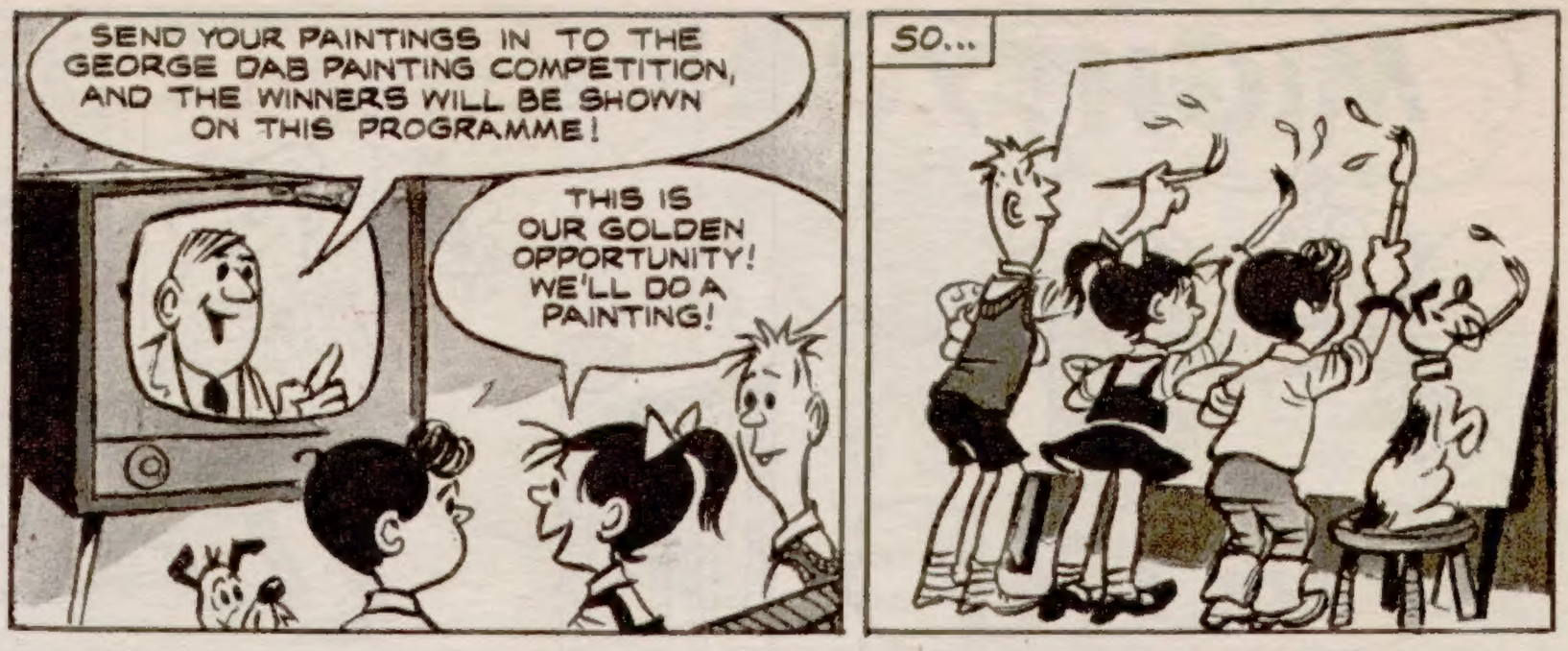
BUTTER

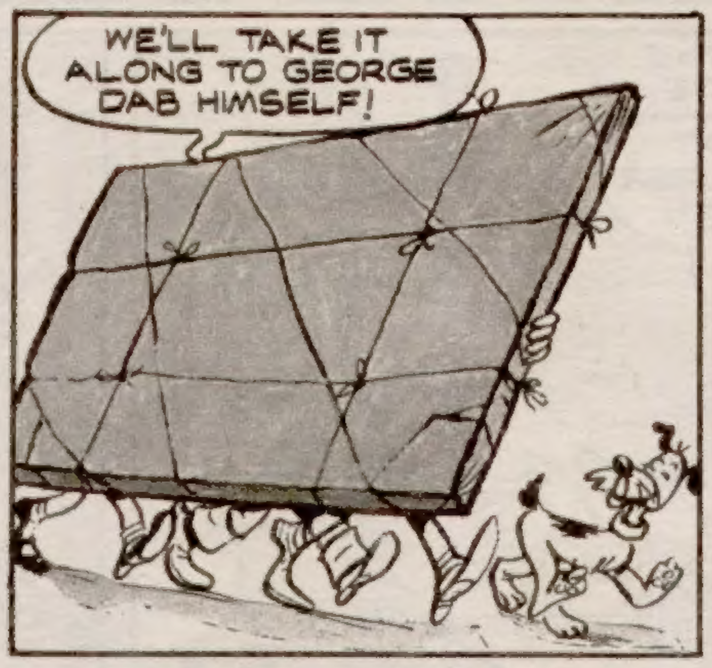
*Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"*

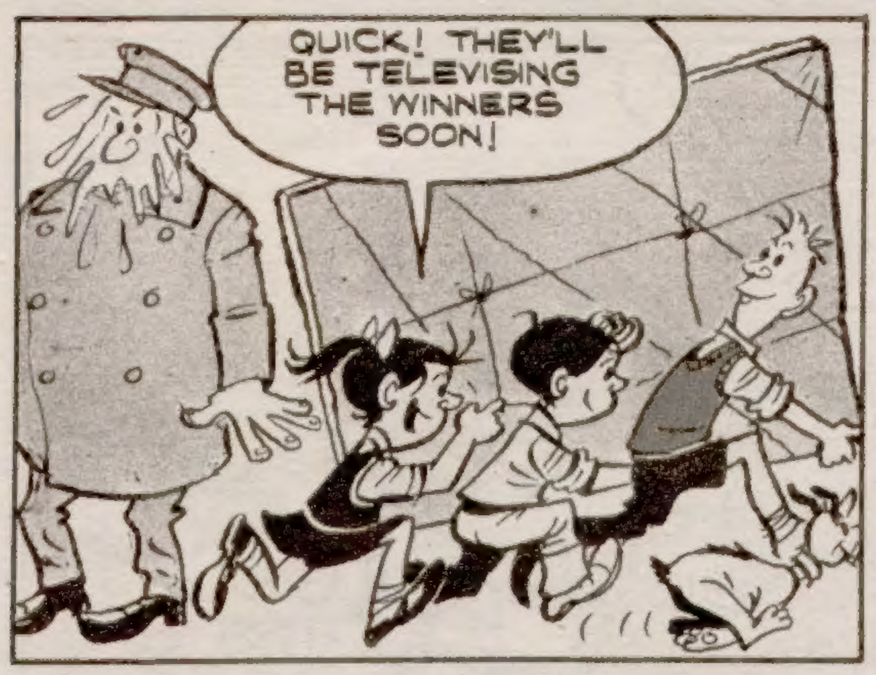
**Next week, Gogo body-builds a rhinoceros!**

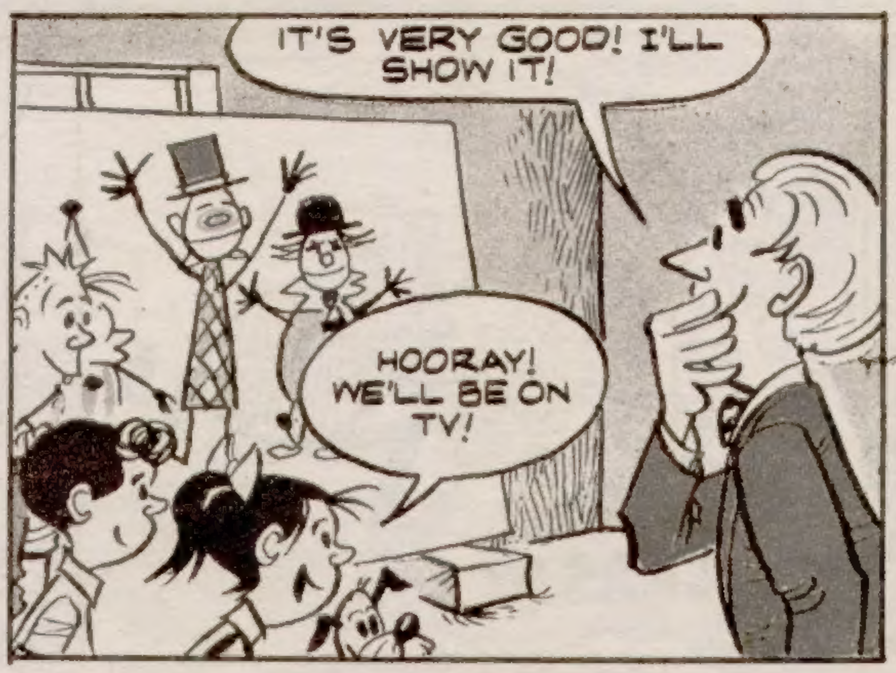
# TV TERRORS





SEND YOUR PAINTINGS IN TO THE GEORGE DAB PAINTING COMPETITION, AND THE WINNERS WILL BE SHOWN ON THIS PROGRAMME!
THIS IS OUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY! WE'LL DO A PAINTING!
SO...

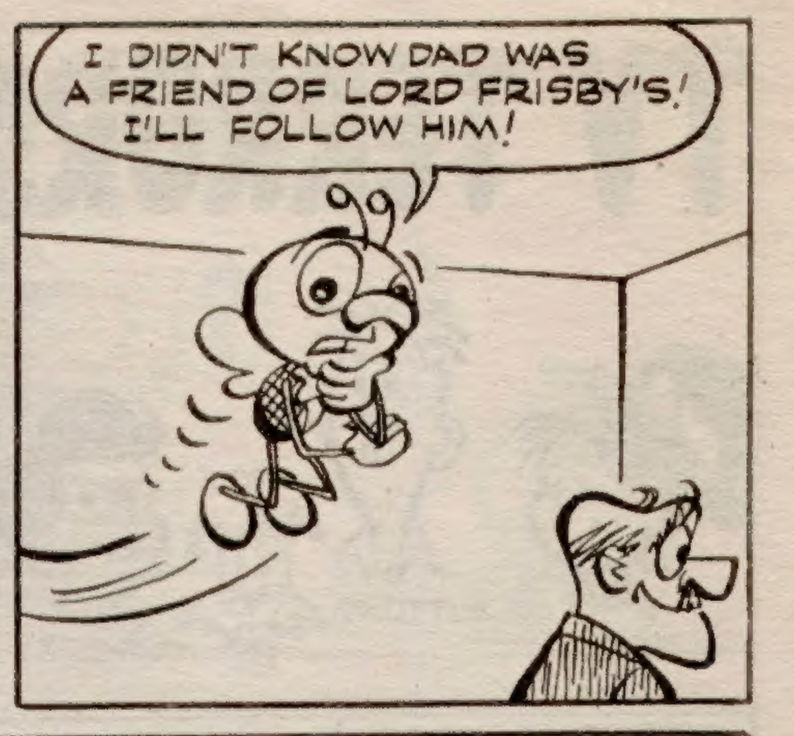


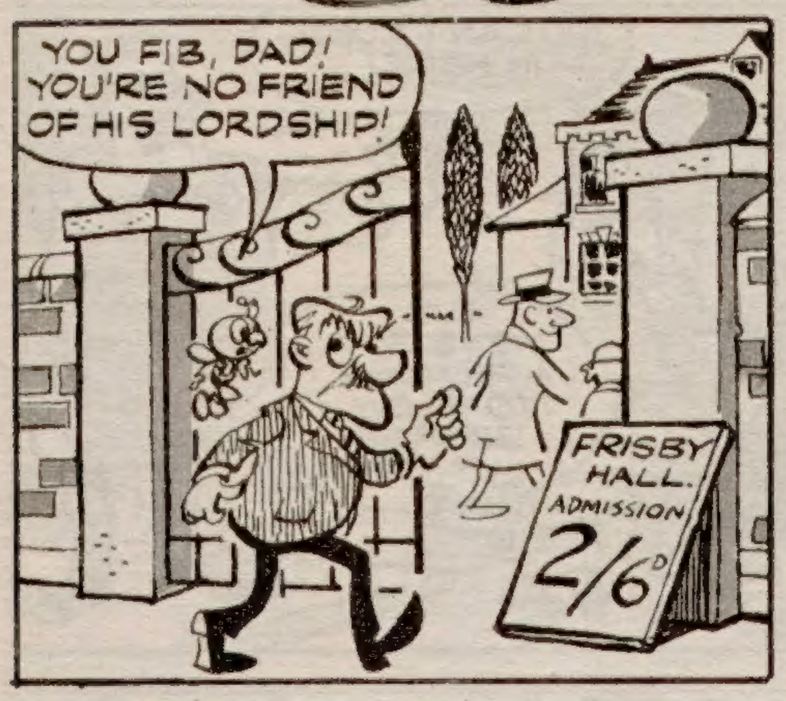


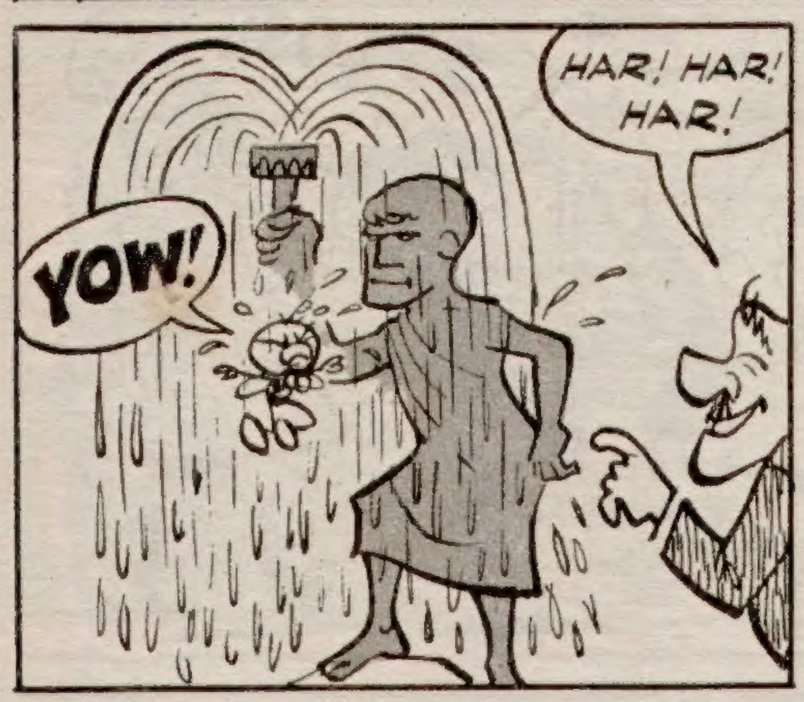



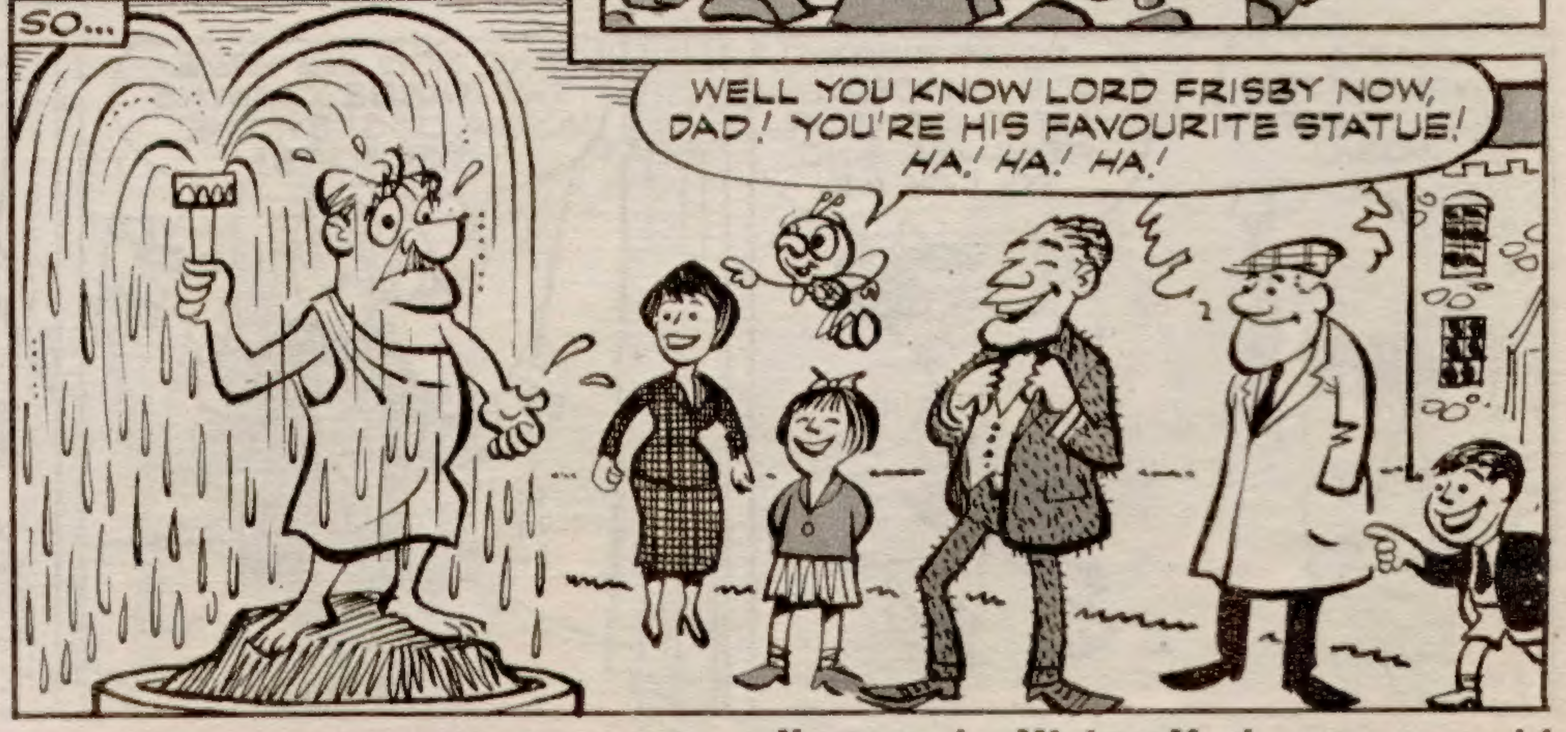
**Next week, Monica takes the cake!**

# MIGHTY MOTH



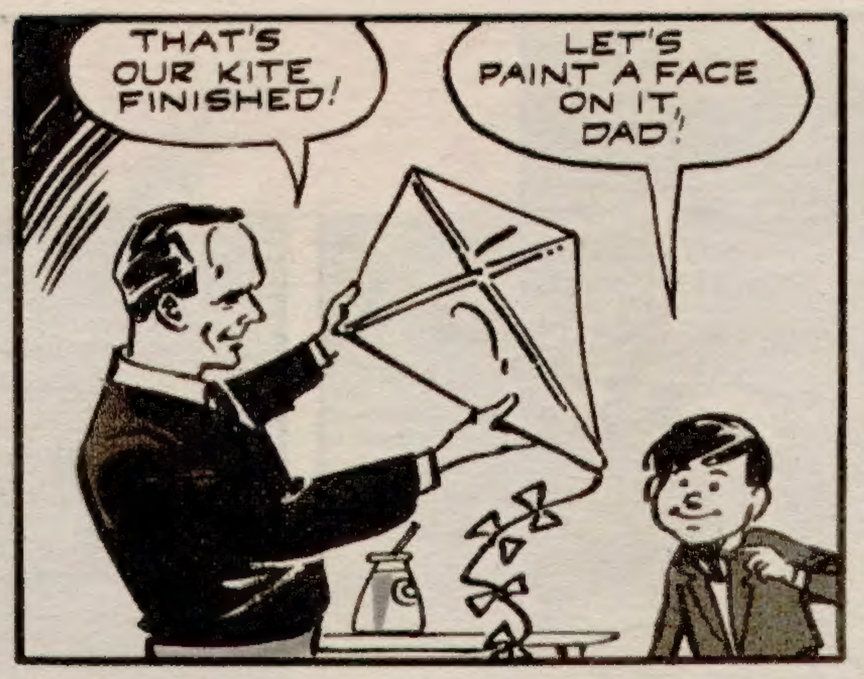



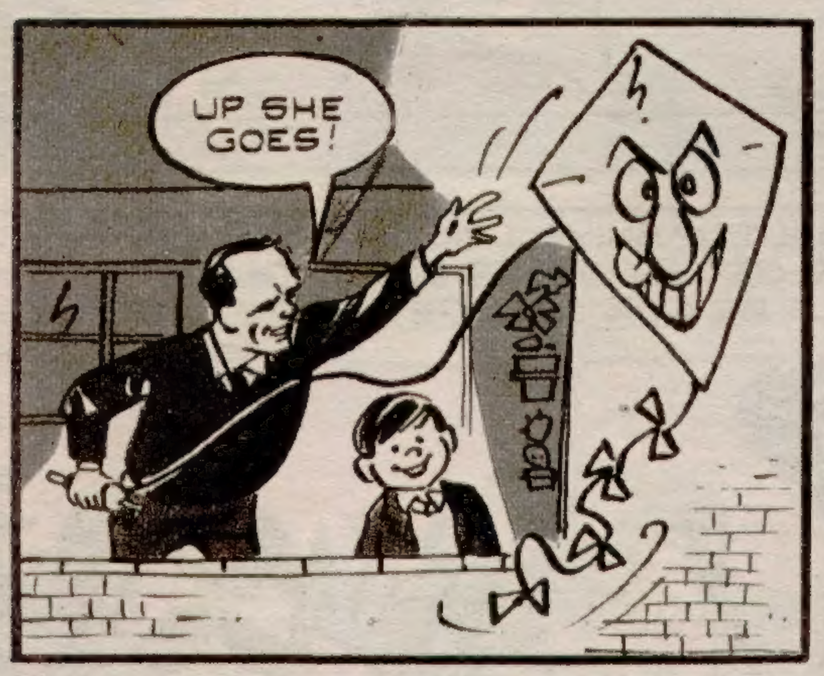


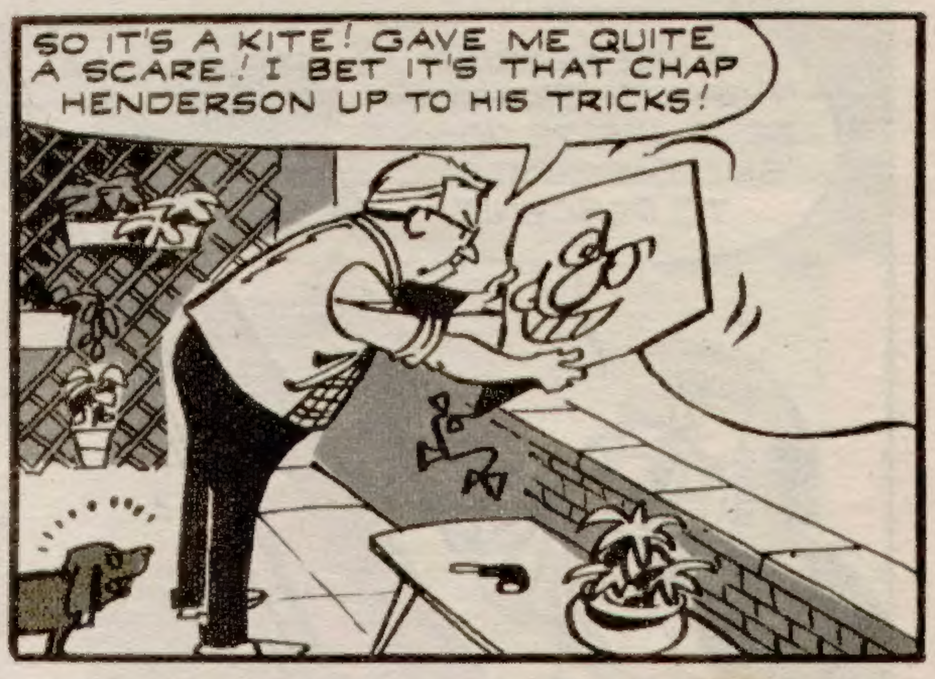


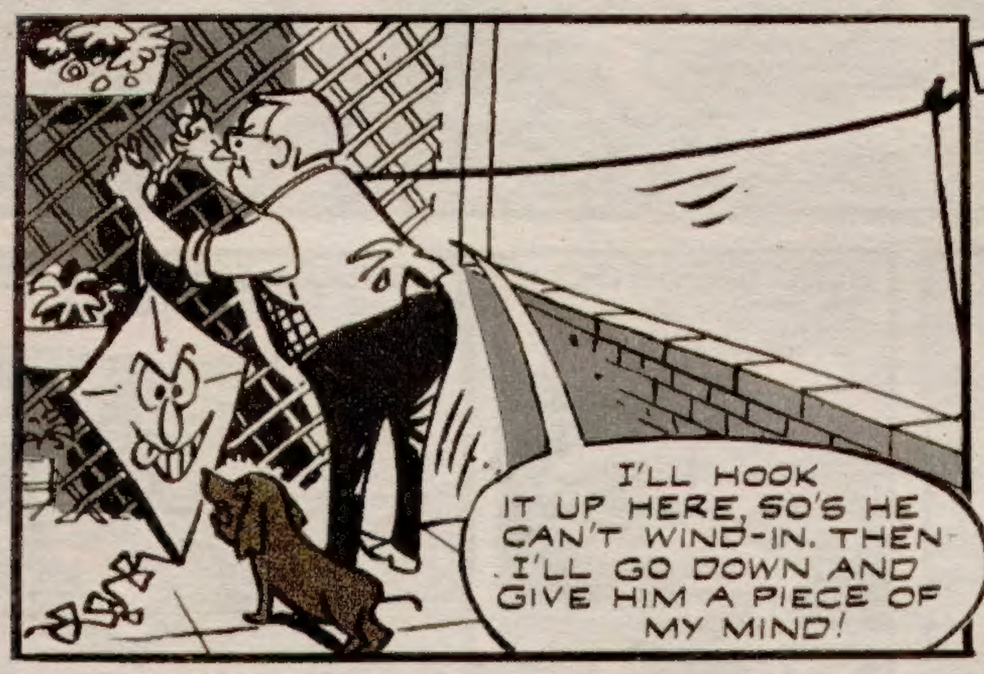

**Next week, Mighty Moth gets canned!**

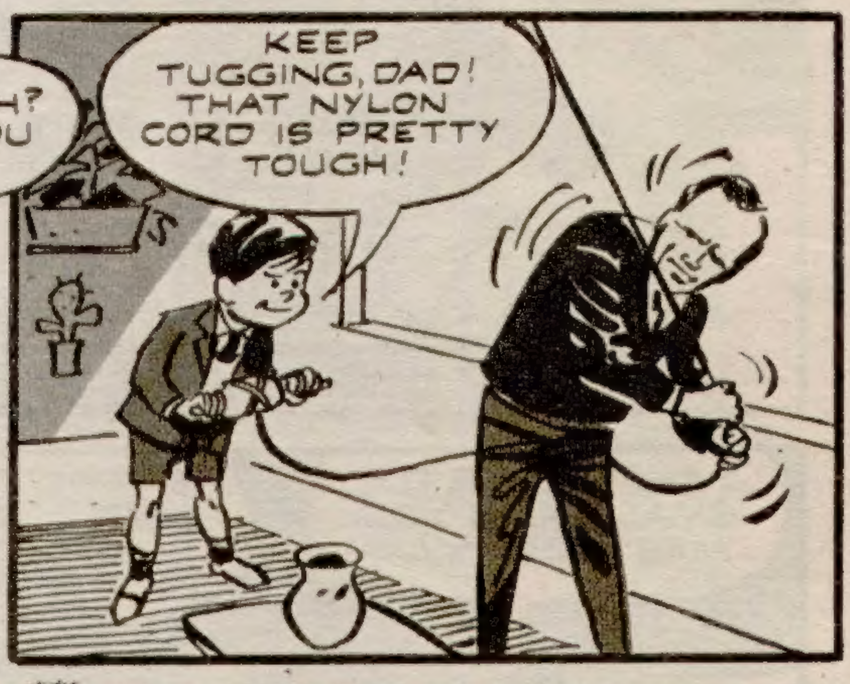
# THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

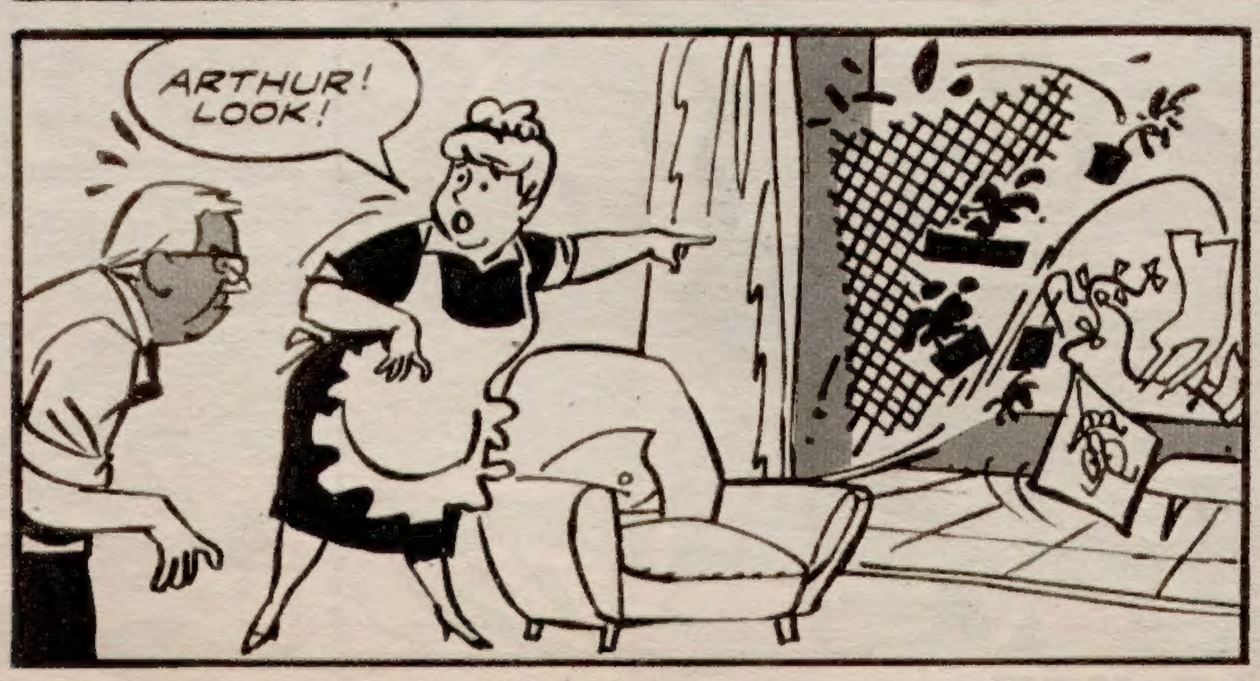








*Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"*

**There's a hair-raising incident in next week's Dickie Henderson!**

# SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

WHILE taking Jimmy to Dr. Nolan's Televarsity, the Supercar team see a girl walking in the sky. Amazed, they follow her to a large mansion. Then Mike gets soaked in a lake, and while he is drying out, he questions the girl's father about her anti-gravity belt. Meanwhile . . .

YOU'RE WEARING THE ANTI-GRAVITY BELT UPSIDE DOWN... SET THE CONTROL TO DESCEND!

I HOPE THIS WORKS!

SEE, FRIEND ZARIN, WITH THAT BELT, WE WOULD MAKE A FORTUNE!

YES, MASTER — BUT AT THI MOMENT I'M V AND COLD

AW, SHUT UP SNIVELLING, ZARIN— LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK! THIS COULD BE OUR CHANCE!

WELL, THANK'S FOR THE USE, CYNTHIA. BUT THAT WON'T HELP ME GET OUT OF GOING TO THIS TELEVARSITY!

I'VE JUST THE THING, JIMMY— A THOUGHT PROJECTOR! I'LL SHOW YOU!

I'LL TAKE THAT!

MASTERSPY!

MIKE! HURRY! MASTERSPY'S STOLEN THE BELT!

WHAT?

YOU CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THAT, MIKE!

SHUCKS, NO! HAND ME MY THINGS!

THERE THEY GO!

I THINK IT IS TOO SMALL FOR YOU, MASTERSPY!

BAH — I CAN SEE THAT... YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR IT!

WHAT DO I DO NOW, MASTERSPY?

OH, HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID? TRY IT OUT, THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!

OOOOH!

LET'S SEE IF THEY'RE IN THI ROOM!

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 58,740

Has Masterspy made a clean sweep of his escape? See next week's Super Sup

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SEE, FRIEND ZARIN, WITH THAT BELT, WE WOULD MAKE A FORTUNE!

YES, MASTERSPY — BUT AT THE MOMENT I'M WET AND COLD!

AW, SHUT UP SNIVELLING, ZARIN — LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK! THIS COULD BE OUR CHANCE!

WELL, THANKS FOR THE USE, CYNTHIA. BUT THAT WON'T HELP ME GET OUT OF GOING TO THIS TELEVARSITY!

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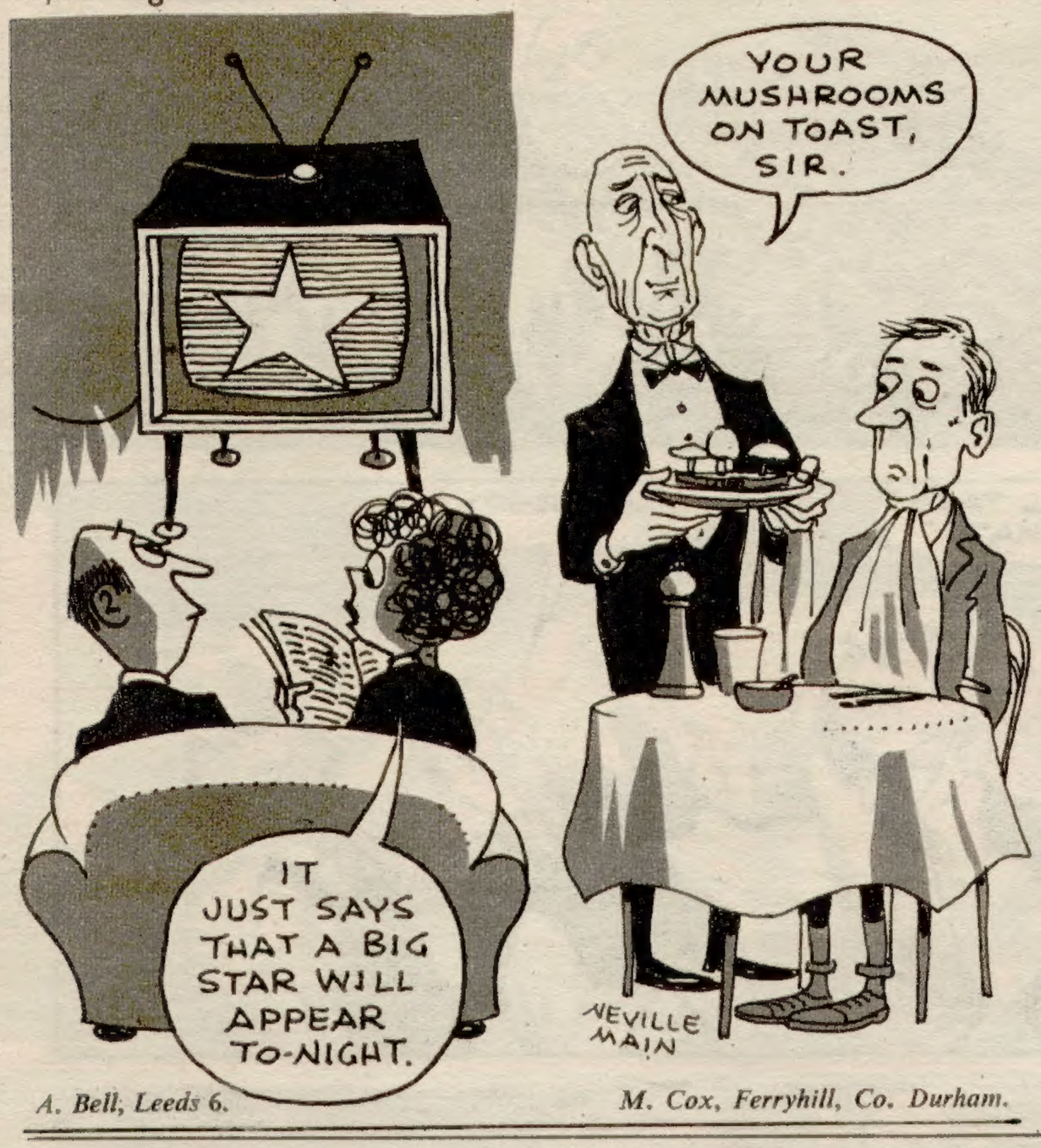
LET'S SEE IF THEY'RE IN THIS ROOM!

SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 58 740

Has Masterspy made a clean sweep of his escape? See next week's Super Supercar!

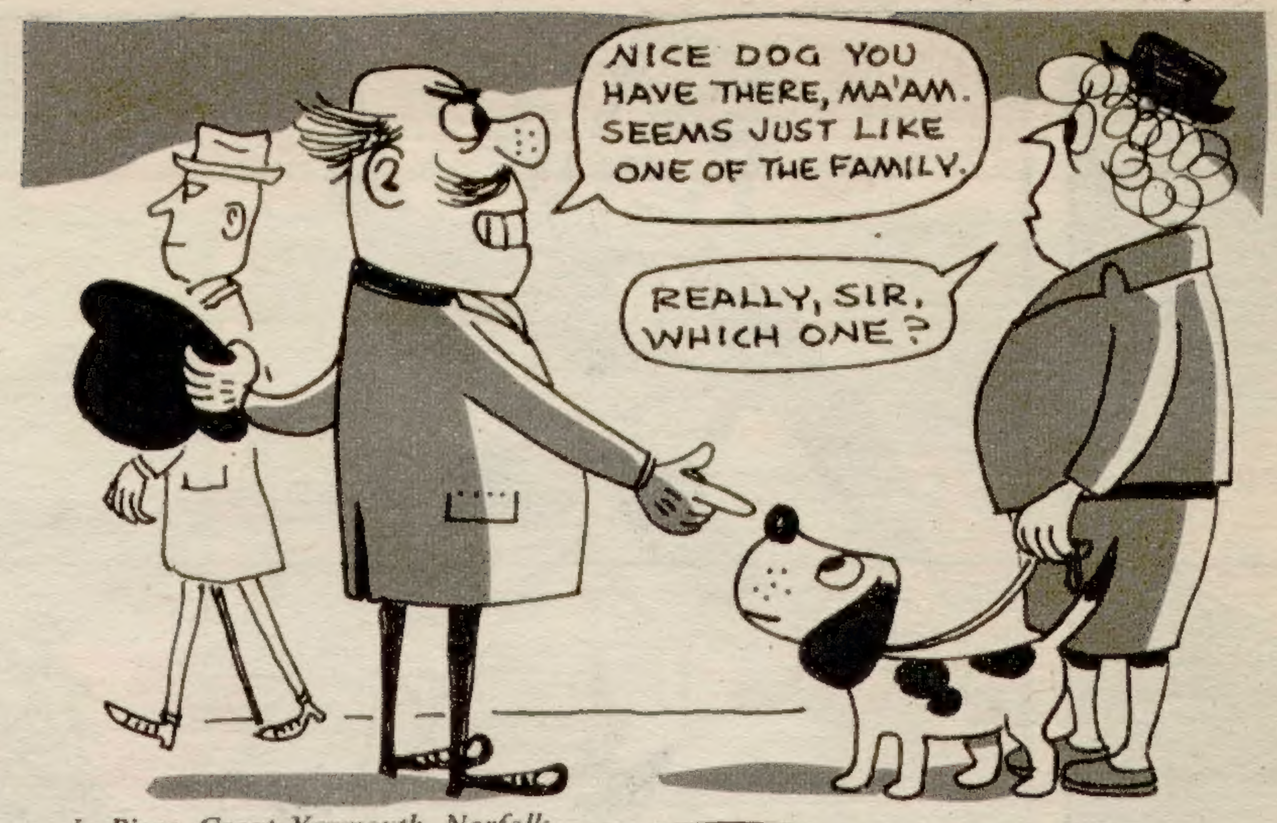
# Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.




*A. Bell, Leeds 6.*

*M. Cox, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.*




*L. Piere, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.*

*G. Nice, Horam, E. Sussex.*


# TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL

48 packed pages

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price 1/6



# GIANT STAMP COLLECTION

**120 DIFFERENT STAMPS 1/-**

Bargain: **TOGO** Stamp Centenary set of 3 **CONGO** Red X (2); **MONGOLIA** Rockets (2); **RUSSIA** 1944 Allied Flag; (Value 3/–); **ALBANIA** old imperfs. **GT. BRITAIN** Edward VIII (3) and 1937 Coronation; **CHILE** Airmails (3); **UPPER VOLTA** Diamond; **CAMEROONS** Telstar. Many other unusual stamps from all over the world. Total 120 all different (worth 8/6). All for 1/- to introduce Bargain Approvals.

Ask for LOT TC 38

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# NEW SPARKLING CORGI

WITH THE **CHROME-LUSTRE LOOK!**

**IT'S THE GLEAMING SIMCA 1000**

It's the gleaming Simca 1000. The streamlined plated body glitters like polished silver *and* the two-door speedster has competition stripes and number! Glidamatic spring suspension, windows, seats and steering wheel complete this eye-catching Corgi!

**No. 315 Length 3½ ins. Price 4/3d.**

**NEW! PINTA MODEL!**

Bringing the pinta even quicker to your door is the Commer Milk Float. Corgi's version is just as smart as the real thing. On board is a big load of moulded milk crates with red-capped bottles. Giving the extra realistic touches are windows, steering wheel and Glidamatic spring suspension.

**No. 466 Length 3½ ins. Price 5/3d.**

*SEE THEM BOTH AT YOUR CORGI SHOP!*

**CORGI TOYS** TRADE MARK REGISTERED

PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS


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# THE RANGE RIDER

**ACTING as secret agents, the Range Rider and Dick West join a renegade army under the leadership of General Fox. They discover that the General plans to capture the State of Colorado. After placing the State Governor and the town of Denver under arrest he sets about enlarging his army. Lieutenant Rider is ordered to capture three supply wagons *en route* for Fort William. Rider allows one of the wagon guards to escape in the hope that he will report to the Fort what has happened. On returning to Denver, Rider learns the General plans to release and enlist the criminals housed in the State Prison . . .**

WE MARCH ON THE STATE PRISON AT NOON TOMORROW, LIEUTENANT!
SOME DESPERATE CRIMINALS ARE HOUSED THERE. LET'S HOPE THAT SOLDIER HAS REACHED GENERAL BRITT.
BUT SUDDENLY...
HI, GENERAL, HOW'S THE CAMPAIGN GOING?
FINE... JUST FINE!
THE SOLDIER!

CAUGHT THIS FELLER HEADING FOR FORT WILLIAM! SAID HE'D BEEN ATTACKED BY CAVALRY...
WHAT GOES ON, LIEUTENANT?
WITHIN MINUTES, GENERAL FOX KNOWS THE FACTS...
IT WAS A BAD MISTAKE! LET NOTHING HAPPEN LIKE THIS TOMORROW!
EARLY THE NEXT DAY...
BUT, RIDER, FOX HAS GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS THAT NO ONE BE ALLOWED NEAR THE DRIVER!
NO NEED, DICK! I'LL JUST PUT THIS MESSAGE IN HERE... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...
AND SO...
D.&C.R.R
DAD DURN IT!
GEE, I'M SORRY! DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A CHANGE OF CLOTHES IN THE OFFICE YOU CAN BORROW!
LATER...
THAT SURE FEELS BETTER!
GOT A LIGHT, LEW?
SURE! HOLD ON!

© Tie-ups Inc. 1964

**Next week, the attack on the prison !**

NOW...WALL'S NEW

SUPER Z BAR

Chocolate Coated vanilla fact!

6d

NEW! orange flavoured water ice!

SUPER

3 D Lolly in four sparkling flavours! Raspberry, Chocolate, Orange, Strawberry

3D each!

Wall's Booster! With the orange-flavoured 'nose-cone', raspberry-flavoured rocket.

6D

Wall's

FIRST In FLAVOUR

GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S!

ICE 205-8964

# DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY

**THE sliding door clicked shut.**

**"C—c—crumbs! W—w—where are we?"**

**Boodle stuttered as the two pals stumbled into the mystery room at Dr. Nolan's Televarsity.**

**It was a queer room, silent, deserted and aglow with a faint blue light. Bodger and Boodle, two new boys at the school, had been forced into it by accident. Having by mistake pressed a button that sounded the Fire Drill Alarm, they had been soaked with water by two fireguards. The fireguards, of course, were mechanical robots, for everything at Dr. Nolan's school was done by pressing a button.**

**As a matter of fact, Dr. Nolan and all the rest of the school were shivering out in the grounds. The alarm had gone off before breakfast, and Dr. Nolan wanted his eggs and bacon.**

**"Really, Ranger," he said to Tom Ranger, the School Captain. "Surely this drill has gone on long enough!"**

**Tom Ranger was thankful to see, at that moment, that the red light in the control tower had turned suddenly to green.**

**"Yes, sir!" he gulped. "We—we're all right, sir. The emergency is over, sir."**

**So it was— for Tom, the rest of the boys and also Dr. Nolan. But Tom could not help wondering what had happened to Bodger and Boodle!**

While the boys trooped back into the building, Bodger and Boodle were staring uneasily around the room of mystery.

"This must be the control-room, chum," Bodger said at length. "Look at all those panels!"

"Well, d—d—d—don't p—ress any more buttons," stuttered Boodle, but Bodger gazed loftily at his pal.

"That's what we've got to do, chum. Dr. Nolan said we'd got to find out all about them."

That was true, only Bodger had the unfortunate knack of pressing the wrong button!

Dressed only in their soaked blankets and pyjamas, the two pals wandered around the strange room. Then Bodger, before Boodle could stop him, pressed a switch beside something that looked like the door of a cupboard.

Whirr—r—r—rrr! The door slid open. Inside, to Boodle's amazement, there was a lovely array of clean, warm towels. All the work at Dr. Nolan's Televarsity was done by machinery, and these towels were ready to be whisked aloft with clean linen when it was time for changing things.

But Boodle was still astounded. For once, it seemed, Bodger had pressed the right button!

"There you are, pal," Bodger beamed. "Everything's laid on for us. Get those wet things off, and we'll soon be nice and dry."

Boodle was only too thankful to do so. And, whatever Boodle thought about it, Bodger was very pleased with himself in his new rig. Wearing one towel as a kilt, another as a cloak, and a third as a turban, he felt he had made a good job of things.

"I reckon we look like a couple of high-class sheikhs," he said.

"More like a couple of first-class nits," said Boodle crossly. "Isn't it time we got out of here? I want my breakfast."

So did Bodger, when he thought about it. Although Bodger's mind was usually above such trifles. He had come to Televarsity to make a name for himself, and he wasn't going to forget it.

"Don't worry, pal. All we've gotta do is find some more buttons to press."

Bodger's success with the switch that opened the door of the towel cupboard had gone to his head. Striding out into the control room, he found two more switches and pulled them happily.

Click! Click!

Then he waited to see what happened.

Nothing happened!

At least, nothing happened in the control room.

Upstairs, however, in the Dining Hall, what happened was rather surprising.

Dr. Nolan and the boys were just sitting down to breakfast. The Dining Hall at Dr. Nolan's Televarsity was more like an Espresso Bar, with a long narrow counter and a number of swivel stools screwed to the floor. At the back of the counter ran a conveyor belt, and everybody helped themselves to what they wanted

**THE SOUP TUREEN LANDED ON OBO'S HEAD**

as the dishes passed slowly in front of them.

'Slowly' is the correct word. For, all of a sudden, the conveyor belt got up speed. A hot-plate of nicely grilled bacon, which had been making Dr. Nolan's mouth water, suddenly shot past him as he tried to grab it! Instead, he found he had grabbed a teapot, which stopped too suddenly, shot its lid off and poured its hot contents all over him!

Similar things were happening all along the counter. Digger Cobley, the Australian boy, who liked bacon, received half a dozen eggs in his lap, while Tom Ranger who wanted a cup of tea, was nearly smothered with milk and cereal.

"Ow! Help! Stoppit, somebody!"

Of course, it was Bodger who had caused it! He had pulled the switches that speeded things up. Worse still, he was still pulling them!

Wham! Clang! Bang!

The conveyor belt started to gallop. Dishes came pouring in. Porridge, eggs, bacon, tea, toast, marmalade, jam, cereals—there was plenty to eat if you could grab it!

Hungry boys grabbed for what they could get. And most of them got more than they wanted. Obo Romo, an African boy, looked dazed as he grabbed for the jam and upset a soup tureen, which somehow shot on to his head.

It was the same with Dr. Nolan who stared in horror at a mixture of pickles and custard on his plate. And when he saw roast beef and Yorkshire pudding whizzing by, the good Doctor nearly passed out.

Bodger had really done it this time! The automatic electronic kitchen, speeded up as well as the conveyor belt, was sending in dinner on top of breakfast!

**MORE OF TELEVARSITY IN TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL ON SALE NOW**

# THE TELEGOONS

## IN BOB-A-JOB

MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, BOY SCOUT LEADER OF THE SHORT-HORNED MOUNTAIN GOAT PATROL. ONE DAY WE WERE HAVING A MEETING IN OUR SCOUTS HUT — A CONVERTED DOG KENNEL...

WE'LL HAVE TO GET A SCOUTS HALL, CHAPS! IT'S GETTING A BIT CRAMPED IN HERE, AND WE'RE HAVING TO TURN RECRUITS AWAY!

I KNOW, LET'S HOLD A BOB-A-JOB WEEK TO RAISE SOME MONEY!

MEANWHILE...

A BOB, GRITPYPE! IS THAT ALL WE HAVE?

A BOB AND THIS PIECE OF LAND IS ALL WE HAVE, MORIARTY!

BOB A JOB, SIR? ANYTHING YOU WANT DOING?

YOU MEAN YOU'LL DO ANY JOB FOR A BOB?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!

THEN YOU CAN BUILD A TEN-STOREY BLOCK OF LUXURY FLATS RIGHT HERE!

SO..

COME ON, LADS! KEEP AT IT!

JUST THINK, MORIARTY, WHEN THESE CHARLIES HAVE FINISHED, WE CAN SELL IT FOR £100,000!

FOUR WEEKS LATER...

PHEW! THE LAST BRICK!

THERE WE ARE! FINISHED!

BILL TITCOMBE

WELL DONE, CHAPS— HERE'S YOUR BOB!

WHY YOU SWINDLER! THIS'LL COST YOU MORE THAN A BOB! THERE ARE THREE OF US AT A BOB EACH! THAT'LL BE THREE SHILLINGS, PLEASE!

OH, WELL... HEM! YOU'VE CAUGHT ME AT AN AWKWARD TIME! COULD I PAY A BOB NOW AND THE REST BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS?

SORRY! THREE BOB HERE AND NOW, OR THE BUILDING'S OURS!

CURSES! FOILED AGAIN! THIS IS ALL THE MONEY WE POSSESS!

HARD LUCK!

HOORAY! THE BUILDING'S OURS! IT'LL MAKE A SUPER HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SHORT-HORNED MOUNTAIN GOAT PATROL!

WE CAN TAKE IN SOME NEW RECRUITS NOW!

SO...

LOOK AT THAT LUCKY LOT! AND WE CAN'T GET IN!

I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY TO SPEND OUR BOB!

ROOMS TO LET

SECOND HAND CLOTHES

LATER...

HERE ARE TWO MORE RECRUITS, NEDDIE!

SORRY, THE PATROL IS FULL UP!

ENQUIRIES

BUT WE'LL LET YOU HAVE OUR OLD SCOUTS HUT TO START YOUR OWN PATROL!

SO...

THERE'S THE NEW PATROL... 'THE BLACK SHEEP'!

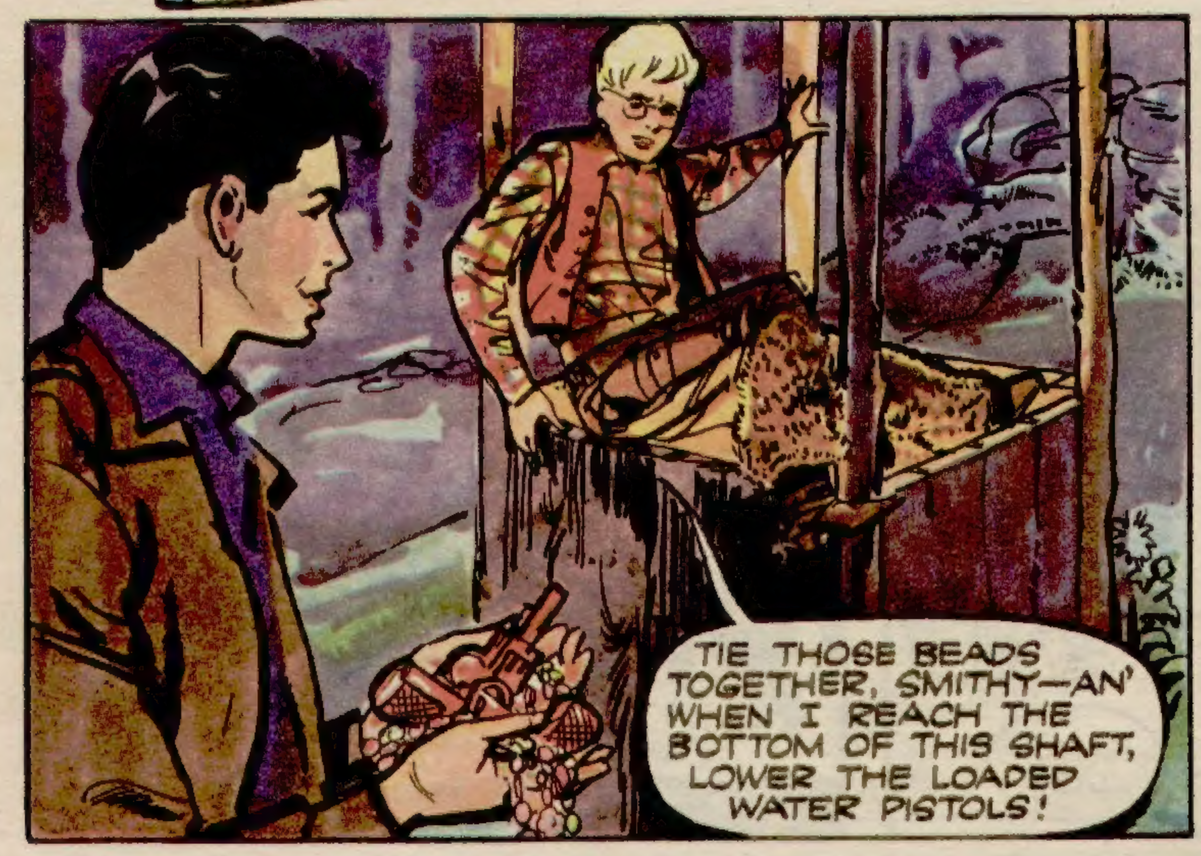
DO-HO-HO!

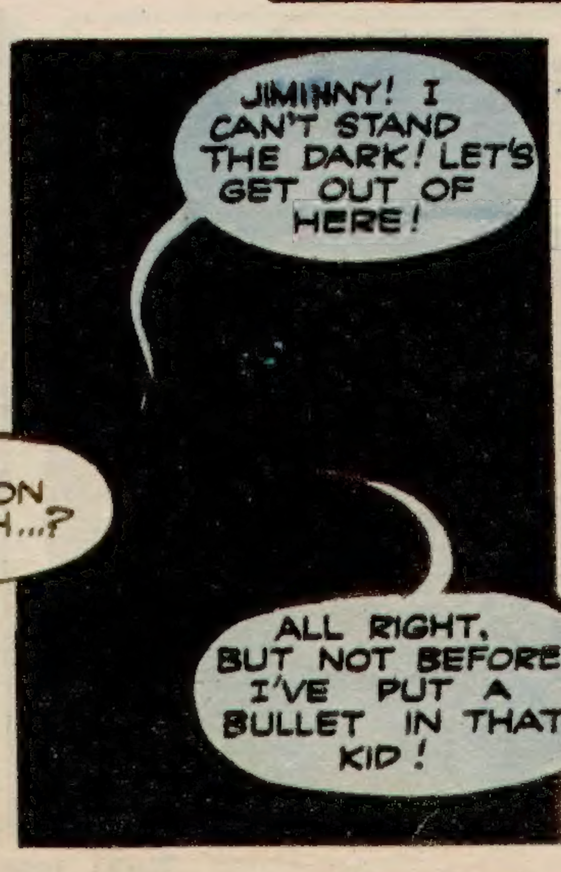
NEE-HEE-HE!

**Next week, Gritpype meets the Loch Fred Monster!**

# The MILKY BAR KID

TWO crooks steal the takings from the Spring Fair. The Milky Bar Kid, Jane and Smithy trail the robbers to an old mine. While Jane rides for the Marshal, the two boys find an air shaft into the mine near to the hiding crooks. The Milky Bar Kid collects some water pistols and beads from his saddle bags . . .





**Will the Milky Bar Kid make good his escape?**